COOD PLAYS CROWD

Barrie Presents a New Triumph

ANY AUTHORS SUCCEED

tes in Comedy and Drama Are Produced for Delight of Metropolitan Audiences.

By Vanderheyden Fyles

WOODER.	GENERATION" -A comedy in
ects. by	Stanley Houghton. (Lyceum
Berr, Kes	nion Stanley Drewitt
Fenton .	Ernest Lawton
ettier	
Memico .	Rez McDougal
maller	Rose Beaudet Katherine McPhemon
mah Kepn	den Ida Waterman
-	Kitty Brown
W BOILD	"-Play by J. M. Barrie (Ly-
nuter.)	
	H. E. Herbert
	Nigel Barry
	Stanley Descritt

Alfred R. Dight
S. Dudley
Grace George INY OF TEARS'-A comedy in four Haddon Chambers. (Empire the-John Drew
Hubert Druce
Julian L'Estrange
Laura Hope Crews
Mary Boland

DERING FLAME"-A new play in by William Legrand. (Forty-eighth

Forrest Robinson
Conway Tearle
Norris Millington
Fernanda Eliscu
Maud Sinclair
Marie Day
Helen Millington Amy Lee
... Ethel Grey Terry
Josephine Williams
... Maud Knowlton
Gertrude Millington

REYS TO BALDPATE"—A mystery y George M. Cohan, founded on the that name by Earl Derr Biggers, (Astor

Donald Brian
George T. Mesch
Guy Nichols
G. Vandeveer
Winship Fink
Arthur Dauche
Arthur Metcalf
Edwin Burch
Frank Adair
Percival Knight
Arthur Reynolds
Venita Fitzhugh
Clasie Sewell
Moya Mannering
irene Hopping Elizabeth Wood

Benjamin Plants

ANK you, Mr. Frohman. After two or three productions that make money, but that cannot be a arouse enthusiasm, you give us as but two evenings of unalloyed it. These two happy evenings, the best in a new season that marted with many more good a than usual, are both made up suble bills. And in each J. M. with a new play divided into access but taking less than an to play, has the plaue of honorae of those, Grace George is the performer, in the other John ef these, Grace George is the performer, in the other John The former appears in "Half out," which follows "The Young-seration," by Stanley Houghton ung Englishman who burst upon assess with "Hindle Wakes." I the most vitual, penetrating the Ibsen died, and who follow that with a trivial fragment of a tommy-rot called "Fancy "The Younger Generation" not run as long as "Seven Keysidpate," and certainly will have to the quiet of the Jibrary long "Potash and Perlmutter" has to pile up a fortune, but as an to pile up a fortune, but as an imment for intelligent people it those "popular successes" at

HOUGHTON begins by making as forget entirely that we are taken of the fireplace in a compared to the fine for fireplace in the fire flow Back. We see the dull over the fender, for it appears that the footignts, in the centre of the fireplace in the slage, and for more intigonal to the slage, and for more intigonal to the slage, and for more intigonal to fireplace on the fallers sit in theirs in front of it and warm feet, so to speak, on our intellible. A couple of about fifty—dult. A couple of a distributed to the speak fifth a sounce man after Sunday. It is a sounce man after Sunday. It is a sounce man after Sunday. It is due to the third, a boy of 21, stays that it is on a saturday night, home a little befuiddled and by kiss the maid. The mother afther, entirely unconscious of at that had they allowed their a little fre lom, none of things would have occurred, are perfected of course the only if or the head of the house wach a serious Sunday mornanded church, we get still another than the first of the first of the form the serious first of the first of the form the serious first of the first of the first of the form the serious first of the first of the serious first of the first HOUGHTON begins by making

of this I am conscious of giv You a very poor ides of Mr.
bon a play. I rather think the
ay to appreciate it until one has
containly to see it acted, is to
py for I fancy it is published.
that might not give one a just conception of the subtle humor, of the penetrating sense of character, of that very delicate shade of exasgeration that cenly the exceptional artist can give to impress us with the salient traits in persons who appear, nevertheless, to be absolutely real. And the performance, chiefly by imported actors, but with Stanley Drewitt as the father; Ida Waterman as his dictatorial mother; Rose Beaudet as his complacent wife and Ernest Lawford as his more worldly brother, is almost perfect. Nothing so delightful has been seen this season. I sincerely hope it will survive the clamor for "white slave" plays and the like long enough to reach you—it supplies an entertainment so rare that one wants to share it with friends. In any case, I should advise you to waste no time in finding out whether it can be got in book form.

AFTER "The Younger Generation," the Earrie play, which was relied on as the chief item of the bill, was something of a disappointment. It had never been acted anywhere, except for a trial night in Asbury Park; and one suspects that had it been put on under the eve of its distinguished author, several points hardly worthy of him would have been smoothed down. Except for Grace George, in the chief role, it was not very well acted the players were inclined to violence. Barrie, who seems to write with Puck's wand for a pen, needs the utmost delicacy of treatment. Having said which, I want to add that "Half an Hour," even crudely done, is still one of those plays that make theater-going worth while. He whose duty takes him to the theater night in and night out, sees some good plays, some more that are bad, and many more that are just indifferent compared to the average "Half an Hour" is nothing less than a treat. The idea is simply to illustrate the crises we sometimes face in a brief period, the hair's breadth by which we escape a complete upheaval in our lives, only to find ourselves back in our old environment in half an hour, following the habitual routine as though nothing uncommon had occurred. Mabel Herbert Urner once wrote a short story in which a similaridea was masterfully handled. It was called "A Letter Written and a Letter Sent." It was just two letters. In one, a long one, an every-day sort of wife unburdened, her heart to her husband, a traveling salesman, told him all her disappointments, the dul-A FTER "The Younger Generaof wife unburdened her heart to her husband, a traveling salesman, told him all her disappointments, the dul-ness and the hopelessness of her life, her determination to be done with him. But after all, she tore that up, and the letter sent was just some commonplaces about the household and the socks she had darned and was sending him, and how the chil-dren were getting on in school. was sending him, and now the dren were getting on in school. THE author of "The Twelve-Pound

THE author of "The Twelve-Pound Look" might have given us something like that, but "Haif an Hour" is inclined to be a little too theatrical to rank with Sir James's best work. The daughter of a penniless earl is married to a brutal bounder who is rich. It is half an hour before a dinner to which three guests are coming. The husband is indulging in the happy custom of striking his wife. She is of the true aristocracy, of the people, as he says with jealous hate, who went to the guillotine as though entering a salon; and she receives his vile words and brutal handling with a cold aloofness. But it has happened once too often. When he has gone, she breaks down and sobs. Then she feels her way to the telephone; calls up a bachelor; and stammers through her choking tears that she will come to him. The next scene is in his lodgings. He is about to start for Africa. He is a decent, genuine sort of chap who loves her sincerely and who will turn her decent, genuine sort of chap who loves her sincerely and who will turn her miserable life into something worth living. She consents to start for Af-rica with him just as she is. She has rica with him just as she is. She has brought nothing with her, rothing of her husband's; in a drawer of his desk she left the jewels she was wearing, with a brief note stating her intentions, which the lover had insisted on. Her entire past is left behind; she is now all his. He goes out to get a hansom to take them to the station. Presently a strange doctor, who happened to be passing, comes in with painful news. The man was run over by a motor-bus. He is dead. The doctor mistakes Lady Lillian for his wife. When he guesses something like When he guesses something like truth, he is cold and unforgiving, says the least she can do for the and says the least she can do for the dead man is to slip away quietly. The last scene is back in the drawingroom of the first. The guests arrive for dinner. One is the passing doctor, a club acquaintance of the host. The

hostess, somewhat late, finally arrives to receive her guests. The physician innocently has told the adventure that occurred on the way. When he sees and recognizes his hostess, however, he keeps her secret. For a moment, her husband suspects. In the meantime, though, she has got her letter out of the drawer; the jewels she explains without trouble. The half-hour strikes. And, following her husband, who takes the only woman guest in to dinner, and the other man, who goes alone, the hostess goes in on the arm of the physician, stiffing a sob and slipping on the weeding ring she had discarded half an hour before.

SIR JAMES M. BARRIE sceme to be SIR JAMES M. BARRIE sceme to be the white hope of the one-act play. That form of an art, corresponding to the printed masterplexes of Edgar Allan Poe and Guy de Manpassant, has been sadly neglected. Edith Wharton's "The Twillight of the Gods" and Oscar Whides "A Florentine Tragedy" have never been acted professionally, while even "Salome" and "Madame Butterfly" are known to most people as open libretices, rather than as independent dramas of extraordinary literary worth. Until the Princess theater was opened last spring, a one-act play meant vandeville or nothing; and whatever actors and managers whose business it is to flatter the public say about it, the average vandeville audience is not of the intelligence or the mood to care for a scale five research. average vaudeville audience is not of the intelligence or the mood to care for a really fine play. I went to see "The Twelve-Pound Look" at one of these houses list winter. The audience, many of whom, I suppose, had heard of Ethel Barrymore for years but never felt they could spare the \$2 to see her, applauded her on her entrance and clapped dutifully at the conclusion; but they appeared to have no idea what the subtle satire was about and to care less. But if Barrie's pressige can attract audiences to see a short play as the oblef item of a bill, a new and welcome era may be coming to us.

THE Barrie play in which John

THE Barrie play in which John THE Barrie play in which John Drew and his company appear at the conclusion of a performance of "The Tyranny of Tears" is called "The Will." It was acted for the first time in London about three weeks ago, and is Barrie at his best-delightful of humor, delicately touched with pathos, and always vitally human. There are three scenes, all in a lawyer's office. A young clerk with man. There are three scenes, all in a lawyer's office. A young clerk, with his bride, comes to make his will. He has been married four months, is making 1875 a year and is very solicitous for the future of his adored wife should he die. She, however, protests that his life insurance is enough for her and that he leave \$1000 he has saved to two needy cousins; and, in any case, she cannot bear to listen to such words as "widow" and "deceased."

any case, she cannot bear to listen to such words as "widow" and "deceased."

The next part of the play passes in the same office, some years later. The clerk of other days comes to make another will, his third or fourth. He is now middle-aged, prosperous and portly; and he brags of his son at Harrow, whose chief chums are "honorablee" and who, the week before, was caught smoking with a youthful lord and was sick in that distinguished company. His wife, who accompanies him, wearing ermine, insists that he make no restrictions in willing his fortune to her, protests that an annuity of \$250 each is too much for the poor cousins and refers casually to the possibility of her husband's death. In the third scene the will-maker, now elderly, comes again. He is a haronet; and also a widower. His son has turned out a "notier" and been shipped out of the country, and his daughter, for whom he had arranged a distinguished marriage, has run off with the chauffeur. He is an embittered old man, to whom wealth has mennt only hardness and unhappiness. And so, in his last will, he bequeaths his immense fortune, with piness. And so, in his last will, he bequeaths his immense fortune, with his curse, to the meanest six men he has ever known, with whom he has competed and whom he has beaten in the struggle for wealth.

BEFORE this Barrie joy, Mr. Drew BEFORE this Barrie joy, Mr. Drew appears in "The Tyranny of Tears," with Laura Hope Crews and Mary Boland in the roles acted here, with him, fourteen years ago, by Isabel Irving and Ida Conquest. The combedy is as potent as ever. In the years before or the years since. Haddon Chambers has written nothing to be compared with it. The fable, which is unfolded by five characters and in a yeln of sustained and polished wit, tells of a selfish, flighty wife who tyrannizes over her literary husband with her rendy tears. She catches his sympathetic, understanding secretary kissing his photograph, and she goes off in a tantrum. But for once her tears are impotent. Indignant that the girl should be so misunderstood, he stands up against his wife's watery years. he stands up against his wife's watery weapon. And finally he wins out, though I am glad to say it takes four acts for him to succeed, for every act is a pleasure. You are likely to have a chance to see "The Tyranny of Tears" this winter, and if you do,

SPADES are trumps. The fashion S PADES are trumps. The fashion of the drama at the moment is to call a spade a spade, and, indeed, not to hope for any great success unless the new play has dug up a new spade to talk about. Hearts are no longer trumps—simple sentiment is considered rather too Victorian. Back of the announcement of "The Smouldering Flame," a drama by William Legrand, lurks "Deborah," a play which was stopped by the Canadian police when it was tried in Toronto last spring and which, furthermore, is the

Will Philbrick in "The Candy Sho p.?" Salt Lake theater, Thursday, Octo-9, three nights and Saturday matin ee.

first attempt in dramatic literature by W. Legrand Howland, the famous composer. He apparently has studied Brieux; and, though he cannot be said to have attained such technical facility as the Frenchman, he writes with power and lightens his drab story with a good deal of humorous characterization.

The two elderly spinsters whose na-tures, ethics and environment are the hanc cause of the tragedy are elo-quent of a penetrating study of the narrowness, pride, suppression and complete self-mastery of the New England nature. These two old ladies have brought up their nice with more than ordinary strictness, because, in than ordinary strictness, because, in their eyes, her mother disgraced the family by eloping with and marrying a sea captain. At 32, Matilda Thomas is the coloriess and cramped result of a life of virtuous and ultra-conventional, suppression. The family physician bluntly tells her so. Of all ventional, suppression. The physician bluntly tells her so. physician bluntly tells her so. Of all women, she ought to be a mother, he declares. Going against nature as she has she is almost sure to bring a nervous breakdown, or consumption, or, perhaps, insanity. "And which of these cheerful ends do you predict for me" asks Matilda. "None of them, necessarily, he replies; "why not marry?"

them, necessarily, he replies; "why not marry?"

"Modest, retiring girls do as I have done—sit down and wait to be choson," she replies.

"You are approaching the dangerous age," the doctor warns her: "a year or two more is all that is left to you if you hope to become a mother." mother."
"Motherhood!" she echoes pitifully.
"Why do you speak of it? It's the
one desire of my life that has not
been crushed out."

THE second act is in New York, THE second act is in New York, whence Matilda has gone for a change. She is visiting a cousin who was about to be married, but whose wedding has been postponed because, of the death of her father. Nay, more, the marriage has had to be put off two years because of a clause in the dead man's will, which he had intended to change but failed to. The prespective husband has decided to kill the years of waiting in Africa. He is coming to say good bye. When he arrives, Matilda, in a flurry of shyness, slips behind a curtain rather than meet him. In doing so she little expected to overhear the passionate words that pass between her cousin and the man. The girl pleads with him not to wait, but to take her with him to Africa. He protests that he cannot let her throw away her inheritance; and he adds, "We could never stick it out."

WHEN the lover has gone, Ma-WHEN the lover has gone. Matilida reveals herself to her cousin. She upbraids her vehemently, for before the couple parted the girl had induced him to return for a last good-bye after the others had retired. She will open the door for him in the dark. To Matilida's horrified denunciation the cousin answers. 'Oh, you're too old to understand!" The words sting Matilida. They rankle even after she has succeeded in persuading her cousin to go off to her room and remain there. Matilida still compares the phrase to the doctor's diagnosis. She hears the expectant lover in the darkness. She is overwhelmed with a temptation. For ten tense seconds she struggles with all her strength. But it is too much for her. She gives the signal and stumbles through the blackness to the other woman's lover.

THE rest of the play is neither so THE rest of the play is neither so daring nor so novel. It is some years later. Mattlida has a fatherless child. Tears and a confession of her sin make good, if familiar, drama; discussions of the "higher morality of nature's laws" are of a newer school of fiction and doubtless of much interest to people whose modesty is such that they cannot bring themselves to talk of vital things among themselves and so hasten to the theater to hear them set forth for the general public. "The Smouldering Fiame" is announced as a "play for mothers." "Advanced" authors who write this "rights of the individual" stuff never seem to think about the rights of the unborn, fatherless children.

IN Earl Derr Biggers's novel, oddly IN Earl Derr Biggere's novel, oddly called "Seven Keys to Baldpate."
George M. Cohan found a sprightly theme for a "mystery farce." To this he added some of that gilbness of repartee that has made him a millionaire, though, frankly, in its present shape, the new piece has very dull stretches between its fun. It is reasonable to expect that Mr. Cohan will do nway with these slow passages, and add another popular success to his excellent record.

Wallace Eddinger appears as a very

ages, and add another popular success to his excellent record.

Wallace Eddinger appears as a very successful author, the writer of novels for "the tired wife of the tired business man." Run out of ideas, he has made a stimulating bet of \$5000 with a wealthy friend who owns a summer hotel, on a mountain called Baldpate. It is midwinter; the inn. of course, is closed and its surroundings utterly deserted. The owner gives the novelist the only key, on the agreement that he shut himself in there all alone and turn out a full novel in twenty-four hours. If he fails, he loses \$5000. Hardly has the writer settled in the deserted, bitterly cold inn than the sound of a key in the outer door proves that his is not absolutely the only one to Baldpate. It admits a fascinating young female reporter, with an agitated chaperon, the former having come to plead for an 'interview' with an author under such unusual circumstances, but really thinking she is on the track of a case of political bribery in the nearest city. Before long, other keys and others still open the door and let in out of the snow a wildly opposed lot of men and women concerned in this highly colored case, with the addition of a professional ghost and hermit, whose business is to frighten the summer boarders by prowling around the mountain at indingish, dressed in a sheet and carrying a lantern, to maintain a general air of mystery in davlight, and to reap the profit by selling picture postcards. Into this role, Mr. Cohan has poured the sort of unexpected, racy and observant comments for which he is famous, and, furthermore, the part is played with such skillful appreciation of its humor by Joseph Allien that it should be enough by itself to insure the success of the farce.

AFTER complications have whirled Wallace Eddinger appears as a very

A FTER complications have whirled into a sort of hurricane of melodramatic farce, the owner of Baldrate suddenly arrives and, letting himself into the dizzy scene with the seventh key, amounces that all the events have been fictitious, the actors in them being members of a repertory stock company, engaged and rehearsed by himself so as to district the novelist as to make it impossible for him to win the waser. On this situation, the curtain falls. But it rises asnin on the inn as deserted as when the author first took possession. The only sound is the cilcking of his typewriter, in the room prepared for him. Presently even that stops. The writer appears with a thick manuscript in his hand. It is twenty-four hours later. He has finished his novel. The wild characters and wilder events that we have seen were the lively inventions peopling the brain of the writer of best-sellers as he sat at his machine in a deserted hotel on a lonely mountain, with a blizzard beating against the window panes. FTER complications have whirled

FOR many years American libret-FOR many years American librettists have gone to Hindustan and
Hungary for scenes outlandish enough
in which to set their comic-opera complications; now a handful of Hungarlans and a half-dozen Englishmen
send us a musical comedy about our
own land. A couple of Hungarians
named Brody and Martos wrote the
Viennese original of "The Marriage
Market," which was thereupon set to
music by Victor Jacobi. For Daly's
theater, London, it was done over by
Gladys Unger, Arthur Anderson, Arrian Ross and some others, under the
skillful eye of George Edwardes. And
an unnamed hand or two has refashioned the piece for America. All of
which sounds as though "The Mar-

FOREIGNERS having discovered comic opera possibilities in our prosaic land, we immediately are introduced to a serviceable set of "customs of the country" that make California as fertile a field as Tokio or Eagdad. Did you ever know about that native institution, the marriage market? If Jeff de Angelis and De Wolf Hopper had, what a lot of money they could have saved on Turklish trousers and Japanese lanterns. Well, you must know that on a certain day every year in southern California, any girl that wishes offers herself for sale at public auction. Custom handed down from the Spanish settlers, you know, now indulged in only in the spirit of fun. Two girls from San Francisco, Carroll McComas and Venita Fitzhugh, come to this topsy-turvy town, disguised as farmers' daughters inasmuch as they are heiresses. Now, an English nobleman (Percival Knight of "I've Gotter Motter" memory) happens to be traveling through California and his valet, who describes his master as "a resi live lord, the finest ever born in captivity," hearing of the great wealth of one of the girls, contrives to get charge of the auctioneering. However, Lord Burlingham bids in the wrong miss. And when a priest, supposed by the nobleman to be spurious because his "Latin is so like my own," married them, all but the valet and the holy man still think the business mockery. FOREIGNERS having discovered

THE other girl has been bidden in THE other girl has been bidden in by the star. Jack Fleetwood, a cowboy. As he is played by Donald Brian, his name might be changed to Jack Fleetfoot. Of course, he is very serious about it all; and when the true situation comes to light and the prima donna spurns him, he fades away most tenderly to waits time. Also, of course, he comes back in the next act, when he is discovered on board the yacht belonging to his lady love's trate father, just to be near her. A few ballads and a profoundly appealing dance or two, convince her of Edward's great worth and deep sincerity, and she is about to admit the marriage when she discovers that he is really the son of her father's dearest enemy. Thereupon she sings "Be gone, be gone!" to waitz time, dances frantically with the nearest officer and faints gracefully. This, in a way, is a good thing, for it outs off with complications enough left for a third act.

THE American version, while THE American version, while changed considerably from that now current in London offers a very good imitation of the daintiness and taste with which George Edwardes puts on these pieces. The music, though somewhat saccharine and very Viennese, is tuneful, agreeable and musicianly. Most of the alterations have aimed at enlarging the character assumed by Donald Brian, several roles having been more prominent in the original. As it is, the piece gives Mr. Brian many opportunities to dance, which he does well, and chances for acting and for singing which he gets through capably. There is no reason in the world why people who admire him and the type of entertainment with which he is identified should not be delighted with "The Marriage Market," and do their part toward making a long-lived success of it.

OUR dramatists continue to "expose." This time it is Paul Armstrong who arises to turn the search-light of his mighty pen on contemporary conditions that make for evil. He calls his new play "The Escape." The unhealthiness of tenement life in a great city is his subject and its effect on morals, health and the coming race, his agitation. The result is a framework of reliable, if rather trite, melodrama, in the making of which Mr. Armstrong has more than once proved himself an expert, but which in this case is weighed down to disaster with heavy, lengthy, elementary discussions of eugenics, the immorality of marriage without love, the danger of an unprotected girl in a large city, and what not else along the way. We are bidden to observe the sad plight of one May Joyce. She is a child of the tenements, a handsome, "potentially good" young woman whose father is a brute and more or less of a drunkard, whose mother is a weary, slatternly drudge, whose sister is a consumptive and whose brother is an immoral loafer. She urges her father to let her or her sister have enough money to learn stenosraphy and thereby pull the family up; but he will not. When he adds to this refusal his command that she marry a sort of Bill Sikes of the neighborhood, she rebels and runs away. OUR dramatists continue to "exbels and runs away.

IN the next act, three years later. I the drama comes to a standstill for about three quarters of an hour while everybody discusses a favorite subject. There is an Episcopalian clergyman to urge legal marriage under any circumstances between a man and woman who have lived together; there is an ambulance surgeon, as stuffed with statistics as a Christmas pud-ding with plums, to prescribe sugen-ics as a cure-all; there is a senator, ics as a cure-all; there is a senator, to represent man's relentless pursuit of unprotected innocence, and, vaguely, to suggest unlimited orline and corruption; and there is May Joyce, in rose Du Barry chiffon, to discuss anything with anybody. She did learn enough about stenography to get a job, but she now sees that she would have lost it immediately had her employer not been smitten with her beauty. He was none other than the senator, and he began by taking her out to dinner. Now she is living in a comfortable, luxurious flat, at his expense. With the acquirement of some education and much experience, she has attained a determined moral standard. She will no longer live with the senator. Anticipating this, he has urged her to become his wife; but loveless marriage, she declares, would be an even greater sin. At this point to the debate—drama. I should say urged her to become his wife; but loveless marriage, she declares, would be an even greater sin. At this point in the debate—drama, I should say—how careless of me!—at this point, the Joyless Joyces reappear. Pop and the old woman are about the same, but sis is rapidly expiring of her malady and brother is out gunning. Sis married the man who wanted May, has had a baby every year and a beating every Saturday night, and is now ready to expire. But such a thing should not occur until the third act, and with a sunset on the back drop. Mr. Armstrong respects the traditions, transferring all the characters to the Adirondacks. Sis takes her time dying, hopeful to the last, perhaps, that ahe will not be denied slow music. But Mr. Armstrong cannot allow that, however far he goes with the sunset; and he brings the act up to a good melodramatic climax with the arrival of the dead woman's brutai husband and the shooting of him by her frenzied brother. The last act marries May to the ambulance surgeon, with the prospect of a long and happy life together, discussing eugenics morning, noon and night.

THIS play was acted tentatively in This play was acted tentatively in the west with Helen Ware, one of our most accomplished emotional actresses, as May Joyce. It was to have been produced in New York on September 1, but the author, it is understood, insisted that Catherine Calvert play the chief role, the manager withdrew, and the drama finally reached us as Mr. Armstrong's personal venture. His persistence was fair neither to his play nor to Miss Calvert. She is a handsome young woman, whom I would have thought a fairly promising amateur had I not seen her on the professional stage before. She may learn to act, everyone sincerely wishes her well, but at the present she is entirely incapable of coping with a long and dominant role. However, it is not likely that the most skilled acting could have carried "The Escape" to success. Take Jerome Patrick As the surgeon, he delivered his platitudes and statistics with about as much variety and sincerity as any actor could, yet he was unable to make the scene in



Scene from "A Puritan Episode," at the Rex today.

AT THE THEATERS

N this season's booking of the Salt Luxe," which is booming along its course of success like a cup defender under set sail. And it is to its merry speed that it owes much of its popularity. The story of the play is constantly in evidence, although the musical numbers are frequent and tuneful. They are naturally introduced, colorful and snappy, with brisk action. Oscar Figman provides much of the

fun, ably assisted by William Naughker as the sweetheart, and Jessie Stoner as Sadie. Miss Stoner, by the way, has scored an immense personal success in this play by her genuinely humorous rendition of her songs and her marvel-ously clever dancing. With her "Skele-ton Girls" in the last act, Miss Stoner never fails to earn eight or more re never fails to earn eight or more recalls. This number has caught the
country, and is claimed to be the most
novel and diverting seen on the stage.
The quaint costumes of the girls, weird
light effects and haunting music are remarkably accentuated by the "business" which has been introduced. These
girls work mighty hard but they work girls work mighty hard, but they work

an opportunity of witnessing the world's champion baseball games next week right here at home. Manager Pyper of the Salt Lake theater has just received from New York a Star baseball player, a piece of mechanism which faithfully details every point of the great national game. It is said that so accurately does the player show the progress of the games, that the crowds become as excited as if they were actually seems alive. When the player actually seems alive, when the pitcher throws a strike, the ball really moves. When a hit is made, the ball flahes across the diamond. The runner, starting from first, is seen to move from base to base. If there is a strike or foul strike, the Star player indicates it; if there is a ball the player shows it; if the batter is hit, the player indicates it; if there is a ball the player shows it, if the batter is hit, the player indicates it; if there is a run, we see the runner land on home; if a batter is 'figed,' we see the ball land, singles, doubles, triples are recorded. In fact, it is a wonderful device and sapable of showing every known play in the game. It was tried out thoroughly yesterday at the Salt Lake the world's champion series, and while the ew York game will begin at 2 p. m. mesday, the Salt Lake I is is 'some question' and probably no in dividual would dare to venture suggestion and back it up in the ew of their babes.

MOSE baby is the most popular to in Salt Lake? It is 'some question' and probably no in dividual would dare to venture suggestion and back it up in the ew of their babes.

MOSE baby is the most popular to in Salt Lake? It is 'some question' and probably no in dividual would dare to venture suggestion and back it up in the coff of the real the condensation in the propose of the throng of protesting moth who would instantly flock to the one of their babes.

MOSE baby is the most popular to in European and back it up in the coff of the propagation of the p

Manager Davis at the Rex believes the question can be solved by a popular voting contest of Salt Lake theater goers, and to that end he has perfect-ed arrangements for conducting a vote for "the most popular baby in Salt

which the character appeared anything but dull. James A. Marcus, as May's father, Harry Mestayer as her brother, and, above all, Jessie Relph as the mother, gave the drama such life as it had. However, it is only fair to Mr. Armstrong to add that these roles were written in his own best style, and far more convincingly than any others in the play, being independent individuals and not mere mouthpleces for his own views.

AT the end of the third act, Mr. Armstrong paid a great compliment to the late New theater, a rare thing on Broadway. In the course of a speech admitting what an excellent play "The Escape" was, he added proudly and with the suggestion of a sneer that it had been written for the New theater but rejected.

Lake" to be held at the Bex this month.

The pictures of all the babies that are entered will be reproduced in colors on slides and with names and numors on slides and with names and numbers they will be shown daily at that house on the big picture screen. Ballots will be given every one when they buy their admission tickets and the votes will be counted daily and the standing of the babies announced daily. The most popular baby will be given a prize of \$25, the second most popular child will receive \$15, and the third most popular baby will be given \$10. No child over 4 years old can enter. Manager Davis has been literally swamped with entries and is having the babies' photographs reproduced as rapidly as possible on the duced as rapidly as possible on the colored slides. He announces that en-tries will close early this week and the voting contest will open immediately thereafter.

For the film feature of the new bill For the film feature of the new bill that goes on today at the Rex to run Sunday and Monday, the management announces "A Puritan Episode," a story of witcheraft days in New England. The tale has its origin in England near the close of the seventeenth century. Arthur Cartwright and his wife leave England for America to escape the wrath of Mrs. Cartwright's father, who is angered because his daughter has married against his wishes.

wishes.
The Cartwrights land on New Eng-(Continued From Preceding Page.)

but 20 cents in his pockets, is a work of worldly art. The first scene is laid in an artist's studio in Paris, where there is a dearth of dollars, but a wealth of wonders. The second is a setting of a reception hall in a home in Paris, and in this is seen a "Stair-case Waltz," with members of the company dancing up and down a lofty staircase.

The Cartwrights land on New Englished Stair Puritan neighbors. In time a baby girl comes to them, and later Mrs. Cartwright's mother comes from Englished to live with her daughter and son in-law. The Indians kill Cartwright and his wife and spare the girl and her grandmother. They go to the Puritan settlement for protection, and because the Indians did not kill them the Puritans believe the old lady is a witch and burn her at the stake. The rest of company dancing up and down a lofty staircase.

The cast includes Mildred Elaine, Maude Gray, Fern Rogers, Alice Gordon, George Leon Moore, Frank Moulan, Fred Walton, H. J. Rehill, F. C. Jones, Edward Kirby, Paul Frenac and George Krugger.

In addition to this film, the new bill will include "None but the Brave Deserve the (1)" and "For Peace in Bear Valley."

ME. SANS-GENE," the fa-Lake theater, Manager Pyper has secured the Cullen-Bainbridge company's success, "Doctor de ed at the Mehesy today. The story, which is in three parts, is produced by one of the biggest feature organizations in Europe, with the noted French actress, Mme. Rejane, in the title role, and Mr. Duguesne as Napoleon. This remarkable feature will be shown in addition to the regular programme and without any advance in admission. "The Empty Studio" is a dramatic Selig romance of a painter and his beautiful model. Entered in a ton as Dr. Melville, Rita Naughton as big prize contest and unable to com-the flirtations Mrs. Houston, Ann Tas-plete his picture because of an acci-dent, the artist sees his masterpiece completed and watches it win the prize through the aid of the model. The Lubin comedy, "On the Dumbwaiter," shows the terrible consequences of taking an extra nap. The programme concludes with au Essanay drama, "The Melburn Confession."

And Comment

mess' which has been introduced. These girls work mighty hard, but they work with such spirit that the audience is always impressed with their jollity and vivacity. The members of the chorus have been selected with much care and discrimination, and a handsomer group of lively young women could not be gathered together in one organization. They not only look stunning, but they sing and dance as well, and wear their tasteful and colorful costumes becomingly.

The seat sale begins Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

THOUSANDS of Salt Lake's enthusiastic baseball fans will have an opportunity of witnessing the world's champion baseball games.

The seat sale begins friday morning at 10 o'clock.

Almost everyone has written a play have imbibed strange actions of the profitable nature of this occupation from the great success and huge revenues a few playwrights have made from the fact still remains that over 29 per cent of the plays that find their way into managerial offices are absolutely worthless, that over 60 per cent of the plays that are finally, secepted for production fall flatty, yielding their authors plays that are finally accepted for production fall flatty, yielding their authors perhaps \$500 or \$500 on the average as a return for what may have imbibed strange actions of the profitable nature of this occupation from the great success and huge revenues a few playwrights have made from the fact still remains that over 29 per cent of the plays that find their way into managerial offices are absolutely worthless, that over 60 per cent of the plays that find their way into managerial offices are absolutely worthless, that over 60 per cent of the plays that find their way into managerial offices are absolutely worthless, that over 60 per cent of the plays that find their way into managerial offices are absolutely worthless, that over 60 per cent of the plays that find their way into managerial offices are absolutely worthless, that over 60 per cent of the plays that find their way into managerial offices are finall

Apropos of Forbes-Robertson's knighthoed, by which he is now correctly and
privately known as Sir Johnston, though
he modestly disdains to use his title for
business purposes, a good story of Irving is recalled by the former's general
manager. Percy Burton, who was for
some years associated with Sir Henry.
Pinding that his title was being used
against his wish for publicity purposes.
Irving wrots direct to the printers saying that in future he would like to be
known as simple Henry Irving. What
was his dismay on coming to the next
town to find that the printer had taken
him all too literally, and that the pasters
on the boardings bore the strange device
of "Simple Henry Irving." Such a catastrophe is hardly likely to happen in the
case of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson.

Ceover Ariles commenced his fourth

George Ariliss commenced his fourth season in Louis N. Parker's "Disraell' at the Court Square theater, Springfield, Mass., last Monday (September 22). The performance marked the first appearance of Mrs. Ariliss in the role of Lady Beaconsfield. Vlolet Heming, Margaret Dale, Charles Harbury, Oscar Adye, Arthur Eldred, Dudley Digges and Maire Quinn are also in the cast-perhaps the best cast that has ever appeared in this delightful comedy.